A Mistake Worth Making

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A Mistake Worth Making

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Allan Fischer knew it was a mistake. There was no way his murdered colleague Torben Rønne, had been frequenting gay bars, but it was an avenue of investigation he had been asked to look into nonetheless. It was a further mistake for him to act on the long tramped down feelings that stirred in him. Even so, meeting Lee Fallon - that was a mistake worth making.

Notes

Ok so. Massssive apologies to the Unit rewatch group! I couldn't help but use the show as inspiration for more Mads x Hugh action :((

NB: Adultery - this is something I never thought I'd write as I really struggle with it. And no excuses, Allan knows he's a shit and feels terrible over it. That said, there is a bigger picture which can be a truth for a lot of closeted LGBT folk, again not an excuse, but a reality nonetheless.

See the end of the work for more notes

2000

Fischer entered the bar with more caution than he had earlier in the day. When he had been there a few hours ago investigating the murder of his colleague, Torben Rønne, he had strode in with purpose. He had asked the questions, got his answers and left. Then gone onto the next bar and the next to do the same. A dead lead in the end, but Ingrid was right - it was one that needed to be checked out if only to be discounted. There were no sightings of Rønne or his friend, Henning Ravn, at the gay bars.

When he'd returned to the office he'd been in a lousy mood. Losing Rønne was a blow, and now investigating his murder... He wouldn't want anyone else to do it, their team *needed* to do it. But the reality was that he was unable to detach. In this line of work some level of detachment was necessary in order to do a good job. It didn't mean you couldn't be passionate or determined, but that you couldn't let yourself get too swamped with the emotions of dealing with murder victims. Sometimes it was easier said than done. In this case? It was impossible. They had been colleagues for years, friends. He saw the man practically more than he saw his own wife...

The thought made him hesitate as he approached the bar.

What was he doing here? He should go home. Get some sleep, as Ingrid had ordered. He certainly shouldn't be... Doing whatever it was he was doing? Deep down he knew he was looking for another way to blow of steam, to exorcise the emotions that threatened to fill his mind. And he couldn't get that at home, he knew.

He sighed and went to the bar, immediately taking a seat on a stool and letting his head fall into his hands. This was so fucked up. But he needed this. A couple of drinks. Some company. The kind of company he had been denying himself for years. Since long before he got married. Maybe he could have denied it forever, but today something in him broke. Of all places to have to investigate...

"You're back."

Allan looked up. The girl behind the bar gave him a friendly smile. Her head was shaved very short and she had two rings in her left nostril, her casual clothes made her look like a manual labourer.

She had that stereotypical look that some lesbians had. As a cop, Fischer knew better than to make assumptions that lesbians either dressed like this or in power suits. But in this case, considering her employment at a gay bar, he knew it was a safe assumption.

She had been the one he had questioned earlier - shown her the photos of Rønne and Ravn and asked if she recognised them as frequenting the place. She had been friendly then too.

"Hof" Allan answered her with his drink order. She continued to smile as she nodded and fetched his drink.

The place was almost completely empty - some older men off in one corner having quiet drinks. This suited him. He didn't want to go to one of those busy bars and find himself in a situation he no longer wanted to entertain. This felt safe. A possibility with no promise. He might have this pint and go home. He might have two. He might go home with someone else… but there was no pressure.

He let out a breath and tried to relax into the barstool, removing his jacket and slinging it over the back.

"Long day?" The girl asked as she set the drink in front of him. He picked it up and drained half of it before replying.

"Longer than usual." And that was the truth. Some days dragged under the weight of this. Today felt like the longest day of his life. He really should go home and sleep.

She gave a little nod and her smile became sympathetic. "Police work must be draining."

He nodded, handed her a bill and she rang it through the till before coming back with his change.

"This is a fairly quiet night, so if you want some peace then you'll probably get it. If you don't... If you want company, you could try Cosies, up the street." She offered the advice with his change and then went off to busy herself behind the bar again before he could respond.

*

He was on his second pint at the bar when a man came to stand next to him.

The bar itself was a little busier, some couples, another couple of older men had joined the group in the corner. It had the feel of a usual local pub, but for the fact that everyone there was gay.

Everyone...

Fischer swallowed.

He hadn't paid much attention to people coming to the bar to get their drinks, but this man caught his attention. For one thing he stood fairly close despite the expanse of the empty bar counter, and for another he had an American accent.

That was to say he spoke in English with an American accent and the girl replied in broken English jovially. Fischer knew enough English to understand that they were greeting each other fondly and he was testing her - as though she were pushing herself to learn more of the language. She poured him a large glass of wine without having to be asked and he paid before taking the seat directly

next to Allan. When the girl went back to work the man fell silent and said nothing as he sat there, starting to drink his wine.

Fischer looked over at him, and then around at the bar. There were plenty of other places this man could have sat, even at the counter itself and yet there he was. Allan looked ahead again and felt a tingle run through him, anxious anticipation. Something he hadn't felt in a long while.

"Haven't seen you here before." The American's Danish was fairly good, but still there was an accent there that told of his origin.

The cop in him wanted to respond defensively to that - as though he was under surveillance. But in the back of his mind he remembered what it was like to be chatted up. Even so, he found himself responding.

"No, you wouldn't have."

The American chuckled. "Okay... are you not interested or playing hard to get?"

At that Fischer turned his head and looked at the man, studying his smiling face and frowning. Apparently his expression made the American chuckle more.

He held up his hands in placation to Fischer and said "I get the message, I'll back off. It was nice to meet you." The man went to pick up his glass of wine but just as unplanned as his previous response, Allan said -

"No, sit. It's fine." He took in a deep breath, looking ahead again before closing his eyes and letting out the exhale on a shudder. "I... haven't done this in a long time."

The man picked up his glass but Allan could sense he was being studied side on. "Yes, I guessed from the wedding ring." The man replied over the rim of his glass before he sipped.

Fuck.

Allan let out another sigh and started to get up. This was such a stupid mistake.

"Wait. Sit." The American placed a hand on his arm, running it down to his hand and then leaving it there. "It's none of my business." He sipped at his wine again, turning to face Fischer full on. He moved back into his chair until he was also facing the American, studying each other equally.

"In the closet?" The man asked.

Allan felt the tightness in his chest suddenly give way to a laugh.

“Yeah, and the door has *politi* written on it.”

The man raised an eyebrow and gave a half grin despite a vaguely sympathetic look. “That can’t be easy.”

Allan shrugged. His face falling. It wasn’t easy, never got easier. He ignored it as best he could.

“Fuck. I shouldn’t have come here.” He suddenly felt like everyone was watching him and could see right through him. He pulled out his cigarettes and lit one, drawing on it deep as he shook his head.

What a mess.

“We could go somewhere else? Somewhere private.” The man said. His eyes were dark with lust and that sent a shiver through Fischer. “I live a couple of streets away.”

“Sure.” Allan said before he could even think. Before he could make any other decision than the immediate one in his mind. He climbed off the stool, knocking back his pint before putting the cigarette back in his mouth to pull on his jacket. When he turned back the man was standing, wine glass also drained.

“Lee.” The man said, holding out his hand.

Fischer hesitated before finally shaking his hand and responding. “Allan.”

“Well Allan, let’s go.”

*

"What do you want Allan? How far do you-" Lee asked. They had walked into the man's apartment and he had been immediately crowded from behind, soft lips landing just above his collar.

Allan turned, moving Lee as he did so that they were facing. He crushed his mouth messily against the man's in a desperate kiss. A desperate need to have this.

After a few moments Lee hummed his enjoyment and took control, softening the kiss as he began to push Fischer's coat off of his shoulders.

It landed with a soft thud and Lee followed it down, running his hands over Fischer as he went. Fischer let his head fall back as Lee started to unbuckle his belt. He was clearly well practiced - Fischer’s hard dick was out of his pants and into the warm, wet mouth before he could think about it.

And really he should at least attempt to think about it, maybe even protest. But that was the whole point… He just needed this. Something to blank out his mind for a few white hot moments as he came in the throat of a hot stranger.

Not that any of it happened that quickly.

It was with an aching slowness that Lee sucked him down and then pulled back, letting him drop from his mouth as he admired -

“Nice…” Lee crooned, his breath hot on Allan’s exposed flesh. “Never getting tired of uncut guys.” He chuckled as he gently drew back Allan’s foreskin with a relaxed hand, before tonguing at his slit.

Fischer let loose a whole host of Danish curses and tried to stay upright as his hand shot to the back of Lee’s head, cradling it so he couldn’t escape. Not that he apparently had any intention of doing do - he had hold of Allan’s hips now and was pulling him in - swallowing his cock further down.

When he hit the back of Lee’s throat he groaned and shuddered, taking every ounce of willpower not to cum right then. It was actually a relief when Lee drew back. Teasing over his turgid flesh with tongue and teeth.

“Fuck... you’re so good…” Allan muttered.

Lee chuckled around his cock - sending pulses of pleasure straight to his cock. He drew off again, grinning up with the most beautiful fucking face Allan had ever seen.

“Best you’ll ever have.”

Allan was not going to even try to argue as Lee took him deep again.

He lavished Allan’s cock with attention for long minutes that seemed to drift into forever, Allan’s balls grew tighter by the moment but never spilled. Lee knew exactly how far to push him before pulling back again - though he was getting closer each time.

He drew off altogether for a moment, taking settling breaths before he reached up for Allan’s other hand. As he took Allan’s cock back into his mouth, Lee pulled both of his hands tight around his head - giving Allan full control. He looked up at him, and damn the look in his eyes was commanding.

Fischer took the invitation - the command - holding Lee’s head as he started to thrust. Lee didn’t even gag when he pushed to the back of his throat again. Instead the American simply hummed his enjoyment and hollowed his cheeks.

“Fuck…” Allan muttered, hoping his legs wouldn’t give way as he began thrusting again. Hard and fast, each stroke fucking the back of Lee’s throat, and being sucked in.

When Lee started swallowing around his cockhead, it was all over. Allan came with a shuddering grunt. His whole body on the verge of convulsing as his hips stuttered through a few final thrusts. He spilled down Lee’s throat, watching in awe as the man continued to swallow - taking it all and smiling at him when he finally pulled back.

“I think you needed that.” Lee commented with a smile as Allan tried to remain upright.

He allowed himself to stumble back a little, glad the door wasn’t far behind him, as he slumped against it, half flaccid cock now hanging from his undone trousers.

Lee got up and came to him, pressing a kiss to Allan’s cheek.

“That was lovely. But I’ll understand if you have to go.”

Allan’s mind was blank. He knew he probably should go. He was being an asshole to do this. But this was something he needed. And… how much longer was his marriage really going to last? Hell, maybe this might help things last a little longer. If he could have something tonight to hold onto when he needed it.

He shook his head, unsure if it was at Lee’s words or his own thoughts.

He shouldn’t try to justify this. He couldn't. It was wrong. There was no getting around that. But that didn’t make his need for this any less. So many times he denied himself but tonight… it had just been too hard.

He wasn’t going to try and pretend to be a good man in this regard, as much as he had tried up until now. And as much as he promised himself he would be after this…

“Can I… stay the night?”

Lee smiled at him.

*

Fischer needed to shower, but when he had asked he wasn't sure whether to be surprised or not that Lee assumed they would do so together. It sent a flutter of nervous energy through him. But this was no longer just what he wanted, what he had craved and denied so many times, but now *needed* - just to be intimate in any way with another man.

The memory of teenage fumblings and secret college hookups had somehow sustained him until now. He had always needed more than that but never wanted to open that door - never felt he could.

But this was just one night, amongst a shit load of terrible days. Mille wouldn't even notice him not coming home, she'd think he was working.

He took off his clothes and set them on top of some folded towels on a shelf. Lee had disappeared to the bedroom but he returned naked and smiling.

He had a lot to smile about. The guy was fucking beautiful. Not overly muscular - toned, athletic - like someone who did a lot of running. His cut cock was a nice size but not erect, which Fischer found himself sort of glad about. Because this wasn't just about sex to him. In fact it really wasn't at all - as nice as it had been to get his dick sucked by the skillful mouth that now smirked at him.

"You uh... I should tell you... I don't think I.."

Lee chuckled at his nerves in a way that actually settled them a little.

"It's ok Allan. I get it. I think I know exactly where you are coming from and what you need." His smile turned sympathetic and he moved forward, threading his arms loosely around Allan. "You aren't the first guy I've been with in this situation. Closeted, married, both. I know it's not always about the sex. And I'm not so cock hungry that I'd hold that against you."

Allan felt relieved. Part of him really did want to do more, go further - fuck him or even be fucked. But it was too far. He was already feeling a world of shit over the blow job. And he should probably feel terrible about this in general. But he had to convince himself that intimacy without the sex - more sex - wasn't as bad. And it was what he needed, more than the sex. It was what would keep him going.

"Would you just... hold me?" He asked tentatively. "I... I just need to feel a man next to me. Just for tonight."

Lee nodded and gave a gentle smile. "Sometimes we all need a little self care." He pulled Allan to him so that they stood naked and entwined.

Lee must have reached over and turned on the shower faucet because then the water was running and the room was quickly filling with steam. Or maybe it wasn't quickly? Maybe they were just stood there like that a long while - Fischer wasn't sure.

He was absorbed in being held. Feeling the firm body next to him, the light spattering of hair here and there - the masculine smell of Lee's body. It was everything he needed.

"Come on." Lee started to gently ease back from him before taking his hand and stepping into the shower. Fischer followed and let the warm water relax him. He felt the weight of the previous few days flowing out of him as the steady stream washed over him.

He closed his eyes and sighed, picturing Lee there still smiling at him.

The next thing he felt were Lee's hands, soaped and rubbing circles in his chest. He opened his eyes and watched as Lee worked - an intent look on his face as he lathered Allan gently. He prompted Allan to move here and there, to lift his arms, to spread his legs a little so Lee could lather his cock and balls. It didn't even make him hard - as erotic as it was. It was something beyond that, beyond sex. It was someone taking care of him in a way that no one ever had before at a time when he needed it the most. It was as though Lee were worshipping him with his latthered hands and that was an experience he would never come close to again, he was sure.

After Lee had rinsed him and shut off the water, he grabbed a big fluffy towel and wrapped it around Allan's shoulders before picking up a smaller one and wrapping it around his own waist.

"Dry off then come to the bedroom." Lee spoke gently and Allan nodded.

*

Fischer was glad of the few minutes to himself. He could reconsider if he wanted to, but he knew he wouldn't. He was resolved though - no more sex. As amazing as the blow job had been, he couldn't allow more. Shouldn't have allowed that.

The time alone actually made him think more about how much he needed this. A short term solution to a long term problem, but it would have to do for now.

After drying off he left his clothes where they were and walked to the bedroom naked, warmed by the sight of Lee stretched out and relaxed. He was naked on top of the covers and had his hands behind his head, propping himself up to watch the quiet television that was flickering on top of the dresser. Allan now had the perfect view of him, and he was beautiful - athletic and toned but slight. He had little hair but the tantalising dusting from his belly button down to his crotch, a cute little mole on his right hip.

Allan's heart swelled. This was exactly what he needed. To relax and unwind. To keep him going. This casual intimacy that Lee offered so freely where many might not have. He could have imagined being kicked out after the blow job, or at the point where he had made his intentions - or lack thereof - clear.

Lee moved and patted the side of the bed beside him, not drawing his arm back but leaving it there for Allan. Allan didn't hesitate - moving forward and climbing onto the bed, settling on his back but in the crook of Lee's arm, letting the man envelop him as casually, as a partner might.

"What are we watching." Allan asked, relaxing back and looking at the television.

"Some old American movie. It's dubbed into Danish so I'm only getting half of it." Lee chuckled.

Allan smiled. "Your Danish is actually very good."

"Thanks." Another light chuckle. "I've been here almost two years, moving on soon, so not sure it will have much value in the future. But... it's been interesting learning it. Much more different from

Swedish than I had anticipated."

Allan laughed. "Yes. They aren't the same. You know what the Swedes say about us? About the Danish? That we when we talk we sound like we have cocks in our mouths. That always made me laugh."

Lee laughed. "Yeah, seems pretty ironic."

"Do you do this a lot?" Allan found himself unable to stop from voicing the question that this easy conversation brought to mind.

"Cuddling? When I can." Lee grinned. "I... do pick up a lot of guys. Sometimes we just get it on in the bar bathrooms, but sometimes I bring them home for more."

"Sex."

"Usually. But this is good too. I like it. I like that I can do this for you."

Allan shuddered a breath, suddenly caught with the emotion of it. "I... I don't even know how to thank you. This is so... It's weird-"

"No." Lee moved, rolling on his side to face him. "It isn't weird Allan. It isn't weird to want to find the connection that you need. What's fucking weird is that we live in a world that still makes you feel like you can't be yourself because of repercussions to your life, your job. That's fucking weird. That's fucking fucked up."

Allan felt the weight of the words, the sadness of the truth in them for him.

"You know... people pay hookers to do this. I mean, even straight guys pay girl hookers to do this." Lee continued.

Allan cocked a brow. "You want me to pay you?" keeping his tone light and teasing.

Lee laughed. "No. Though... I'm sure I could make pretty good money in blow jobs and cuddles, maybe I will keep it in mind for the future." He stopped laughing but his smile remained, and he brought his arm across Allan, starting to absentmindedly play fingers through his chest hair.

It was nice. But like the washing earlier, it was intimate though not arousing. Just a touch - comfort not desire. Lee really probably could charge excellent money for this skill.

"Is this technically Hygge?" Lee asked thoughtfully.

Allan laughed. "Maybe? Not like any I've ever been to."

Lee returned his smile and moved again, withdrawing his arm so he could snuggle into Allan's side instead and continue idling his fingers on his chest. "I like the idea of Hygge. We don't have enough of that in America."

"Why are you in Denmark?" Allan asked. He was glad to not have to share any information about himself, more than he had already made known, but it didn't curtail his curiosity in his new friend.

"Business. European expansion. But I'm off home soon. Nothing left to do that can't be done over the phone or by fax. I think I'll miss it here. But I'm looking forward to getting back to my old life,

even thinking about setting up my own business."

"Where is your old life?"

"New Orleans. But I've lived all over. Bit of a nomad I guess. That's why I'm suited to these sorts of jobs. I don't have a partner or family I have to leave behind, just a few social friends that I can catch up with any time really. Nothing to stop me taking off at a moment's notice."

Allan let out a sigh at the thought. Not that he necessarily wanted to go anywhere, but that the freedom sounded pretty amazing.

Perhaps sensing the melancholy he continued - "And of course, I'm very good at making friends everywhere I go, so loneliness is never an issue. You'd be surprised how many friends can be made with a good blow job."

Allan laughed. "I can imagine. I'm sure you're very popular."

"Oh, I'm always the most popular kid at the parties."

"Or at the hygge?"

Lee laughed and rested his head on Allan's chest.

It made Allan's breath catch for a moment. That and how easily, how automatically, his arm came up around Lee to play at the nape of his neck.

"It's very easy to be with you." Allan half lamented. They knew nothing about each other, but Allan had never had this intimate connection with anyone else in his life - not even people he had known for many years. Definitely, sadly, not Mille.

"Likewise. If I were the settling kind, I might try and convince you to run away to America with me." Lee chuckled, but then stopped when he must have felt Allan stiffen.

The comment brought his thoughts immediately to all of the reasons he couldn't leave. All the reasons he shouldn't be doing this right now.

"Don't worry. I'm not the settling kind." Lee rejoined, poking Allan's side and grinning up at him. "I have too much love, to give it all to one person. Which... is what I tell my friends when they call me a slut."

He laughed and Allan joined in.

"I like you Lee. You're light. Free." He couldn't help the bittersweet note in his voice.

Lee chuckled. "Only on my good days. Been feeling a bit run down lately. Just a little under the weather, but it's amazing what good company can do for you."

Allan could feel him grinning against his skin.

"Though... you're not my usual type, I will admit. Not what I was fishing for. It was the cheekbones that had me. I just knew I had to see if the rest of you was so beautifully sculpted."

"Not a disappointment I hope."

"Certainly not." Lee moved and propped himself up on one elbow to look down at Allan, taking the chance to brush some wayward hair from his face.

"I keep thinking about cutting it. Shaving it all off." Allan admitted.

Lee half shrugged as well as he could in that position. "I think it would look good any way you had it. But I do like this... it's... it's very floppy. Like those kids in the boy bands."

"Is that your usual type?" Allan quirked a curious brow.

Lee let out such a bark of laughter that it was startling. "God no! What would I even do with one of those!" Lee was laughing almost uncontrollably, which made Allan smile all the more. Finally Lee shook his head and ran his hand back down into Allan's chest hair.

"No, I like nice big, hairy guys. Not necessarily overly muscular, but sturdy, y'know?"

"Yeah?" Allan frowned with his smile, trying to picture it.

"I like the way it feels to be with a man like that. But... I like how you feel." He added stroking his hand further down over his belly.

"Lee..." Allan grabbed his hand to stop it going any further. "I can't... I'm sorry..."

"I know... I wasn't... I promise, I won't do anything you don't want. Just let me save some up for my wank bank will ya." Lee chuckled and then leaned in and kissed him.

It was light, chaste. It felt strangely familiar, as though they kissed like this every day before they left for work or when they got home. It was a nice fantasy. But it was just that.

Lee pulled back before Allan had chance to end the kiss himself. He gazed at him with more adoration than he was sure he had ever had from Mille. Not that he could blame her. Maybe she knew? Maybe she had always known this about him? Maybe she knew that no matter what, it was never going to work between them in the long run. And what would he do then?

Continue hiding?

He wasn't sure.

He was embroiled in the lie he was living on so many levels that escape from it didn't seem possible. In fact he had never considered escaping it before. Not up until this very moment and that kiss.

Lee sat up. "It's gonna get chilly." He commented before pulling the blankets up over them. Then he relaxed back again into the crook of Allan's arms and into the pillow as they watched to the end of the movie.

*

Allan woke with the sun.

The curtains were thinner than his at home and the brightness of the morning seemed to fill the room with warmth.

It took him a moment to get his bearings, and to feel the man spooned up behind him. The morning wood Lee was sporting made it impossible not to know it was a man.

Allan sighed and sank back against his not-quite-lover.

Lee stirred at that and rumbled a good morning against his ear before wrapping an arm around him and pulling him closer. He ground his hips forward, his hard cock finding a home along the crease of Allan's ass.

Allan took in a shuddering breath.

"Shit, sorry... I..." Lee started to disentangle himself but Allan grabbed his arm and pulled him close again.

"No... it's ok. I like it. I want it... Just... this, ok? Nothing more."

"Yeah." Lee agreed and then snuggled into him, resting his lips lightly at the nape of Allan's neck, but making no move to put them to any use.

"I wish I could wake like this with someone everyday." Allan admitted.

Lee hummed his understanding as they tangled together, sleep dragging them back down with Lee's hand splayed against his chest and his hard cock pressed against him.

When Allan woke again he gently eased from the bed and crept from the room to retrieve his clothes. He should get back to work, he had a spare shirt in his locker there and was at least showered and clean.

He needed to get back on the case and string up the mother fucker who had done this to Rønne.

His head was clearer now. HIs determination set. And.... this night was over.

He had what he needed and hoped it would last him a good long while. He even considered leaving without a word but couldn't help but pop his head back into the bedroom once he was dressed.

Lee didn't open his eyes as he mumbled - "time to go?"

"Work." Allan stated. There was silence for a moment before he added. "Look, Lee... thank you. For last night. I can't-"

"Hush, you don't have anything to thank me for."

Allan gave a curt nod and went to turn, but Lee spoke up.

"Hey Allan. If... I've left my card on the table out there for you. If you ever find yourself in the States. Um... if you ever find yourself alone there and needing a friend..."

Allan swallowed and nodded again.

If he ever found himself single and uncloseted, maybe that was when Lee would find he was the settling kind? Maybe that was what he meant? Maybe it wasn't. It didn't matter. It was something. It was hope. Something that would last even longer than the memory of their night together.

He turned and walked through to the front door, stopping at the table on his way. He picked up the card without hesitation, slipping it into the back of his wallet before he let himself out.

2011

Chapter Summary

It's 2011 and after ten years, Lee is contacted by the one night stand he could never forget.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lee stretched as he woke, feeling the burn of it and moreover feeling old in that moment.

His body had been a battleground for so long, it sometimes felt like he was a hundred years old. He groped around for his phone in his sheets, the beeping ever increasing in loudness. He was thinking less that he should have gotten out of bed hours ago instead of vegging out, and more that he needed to change that damn annoying message alert.

The last drug trial had, miraculously he felt, worked. He had responded to treatment and after endless months, had finally been given the all clear. It was time to let himself relax now and then. This was one of those thens. So Lee was rightfully annoyed when he saw the message was an email from Dan, the manager of his bar in New Orleans. Probably another supplier issue that Dan really should be able to cope with without having to involve him. Lee was starting to wonder if they just wanted to reel him back to New Orleans for a bit. It had been a while, he was sort of shirking-

His line of thought cut out abruptly as he scanned the email.

It wasn't actually from Dan, he'd merely forwarded it on from the bar's generic email address. It was from someone Lee had never thought he would hear from again, as much as he desired to -

Lee, I hope this find you.

I tried to message the number you gave me, but it was disconnected. It has been many years, so I guess that should be expected. I remember you mentioned opening a bar, and I'm no

stranger to detective work as you know (which may or may not have been google). You are listed as the owner, so it is worth trying.

I didn't ever forget our night together and your offer of friendship if I ever came to America. I'm here now, working here, for the last year but this is the first time I've had the nerve to reach out. I would love to see you, to be friends.

Allan Fischer

Below his name was a US cell number.

Lee's heart stopped.

He had changed his phone years ago and hadn't even considered the fact that he didn't keep his old number. He remembered that night well, remembered Allan fondly, but somehow had completely overlooked that line of contact. Although he'd never forgotten Allan, as time passed he didn't think he would ever be in contact.

And, in his defense, it had been years - it was a decade now! So much had happened to him, perhaps to them both. What was Allan doing in the States? Was he still married? Still in the closet? What if he wasn't?

Lee fell back into his bed, trying to level his breathing. He would have phoned Cathy, needing to chat this over with a friend, but her husband had passed away a year earlier - long lost hook-ups wasn't something he was going to bother her with. He already felt enough of a shit for taking off not longer after he died.

Not one for cooling his heels somewhere too long, Lee had moved to Pittsburgh after treatment. He'd been following clinical trials all over the country for so long that to just go somewhere unrelated to treatment, had felt like a necessity. He'd visited Pittsburgh when he was younger, liked the scene there so figured it was as good a place as any.

Lee had to admit, there was a moment when he'd considered going back to Copenhagen, even if just for a holiday. But he wasn't sure he was up to international travel at that point.

He thought for a moment about other friends he could call to talk about this - this blast from the past and what the hell did he do about it? But the truth was, as social as he could be, his close friends were low in number. He'd been pushing people away for years, losing touch with old friends in favour of new ones who needed him - fellow patients. And then they would die, or get better and not need him. So he never really let them all that close. Cathy was the exception of a rule years old. In this moment, Lee had no one.

He tapped in the number on the email, knowing that he could just reply to the email, or even send a text, but he wanted to talk to someone and Allan was the only option.

The phone rang a few times before it was answered.

"Hi Allan. It's Lee, I got your email."

*

Lee wanted to laugh at himself. He was so nervous, it was ridiculous. He couldn’t remember the last time he felt this way.

One minute he'd been talking to Allan on the phone - a surreal experience as it was - and the next he was packing a bag and hiring a rental. He hadn't owned his own car in years, relying happily on public transport or cycling when he was well enough. He was too keyed up to even look at the trains or maybe even a flight. No he was about to jump in a car and drive from Pittsburgh to where Allan was living in Washington DC, to see the most memorable one night stand of his life.

The conversation had been brief, and Lee wasn't sure what he'd expected. Allan had been initially surprised and then sounded very happy to hear from him. He had explained that he was based in Washington - had moved from his unit in Denmark and was making a career in the FBI at Quantico.

Lee had, of course, been suitably impressed and resisted the urge to say that he wasn't sure what was sexier - imagining him in a police uniform, or waving his FBI badge around at people. He very much wanted to say it - to flirt, but he was still unsure of the situation.

In fact, given that it was less than 5 hours drive, he told Allan to "hold that thought - let’s talk in person."

Allan agreed and said that he would be free in the evening. Then he had seemed to hesitate before giving Lee his home address rather than somewhere public for them to meet, as though unsure what would be the most appropriate. Or perhaps which was most revealing of his thoughts and feelings?

Lee refused to read anything into that one way or the other. It could equally mean the man was still closeted and didn't want to be seen in public with Lee. He was damn well not going to overthink it the whole drive over. To that end, he'd made sure to hire a car with a plug in for his ipod - he had at least three playlists that would be great road trip music.

The bus downtown to the car hire was a different story. Even with his headphones in, he couldn't help but think about what the fuck he was doing. It would be all the more surreal if not for the fact that this was far from the most reckless or spontaneous thing he'd ever done. It was more the subject of the spontaneity that added the extra element of bizarre.

He really had, at some unspecified point, decided that he would never hear from Allan again. No matter how many times he replayed that night over in his mind, there had always been a mental block on thinking further than that - there always had been since the cancer. No real consideration to the future.

That night came back to Lee so often that it had taken on a dreamlike quality. As though it were more than just a memory. When things had been tough and he had felt lonely - as much as he had protested that not to be the case - he thought of Allan.

Allan had been so lonely. That much had been clear the moment he had set eyes on the man, hunched over the bar in a way that invited and repelled at the same time.

He surely had plenty of friends, he had his wife as well, but that made him all the lonelier - the loneliness of living with a secret he felt unable to tell - living a lie. Of living a life not your own. Lee wondered if any of that had changed.

Maybe Allan had agreed so readily to meet just thinking this could be another one night thing? Which Lee wasn't adverse to in the slightest. Though there were few people he'd drive 4 hours for a cuddle. For *Hygge* - the thought brought a smile to his face.

Damn. Because that night had been the most intimate night of his life and they had barely even been sexual. He wasn't sure what Allan really wanted, but he would drive 4 hours for a him, whatever was at the end of that.

There had been something about Allan that meant even their short acquaintance had had a profound effect on Lee. Part of him knew that there was more to it than just Allan, and the fact that their night together was the last hookup Lee had for a while. It was around that time that he'd gotten his diagnosis - had the mole removed, had more bad news, started treatment. He didn't take guys home with him for a long time after that. There were still impersonal bar hookups, half the time he didn't know their names - and it wasn't important. The only thing that was important to him then had been the white out of the orgasm he could get from them. Their names had no relevance to their ability to get him off.

For a while he'd been a little destructive, a little unstable. Until he had started to make his peace with it all and Allan had been part of that too. He'd thought back on that night and realised it was one of the most meaningful encounters he'd ever had in the big scheme of things, regardless of the length of time it lasted. It had given him enough hope to get through it all. Not that he would see Allan again, but an inspiration Allan had given him. Because for as lonely and trapped as Allan was, the thing he had felt the most from their encounter was hope. That their time together was something for Allan to hold onto, and Lee felt a sort of pride in that.

Sure, their situations were different, but how could he not have hope if Allan could?

His mind had gone back to Allan so many times over the years that, at his most addled from the treatments, he wasn't sure if their encounter had ever really happened or was just a very realistic dream.

Once he picked up the car he was determined to focus only on the road, and the music he had plugged in. But his determination wasn't quite enough to wipe the moony look off his face as he hit the highway.

He knew Allan wouldn't be getting home until after six, so he took his time. A steady drive, with plenty of coffee and piss breaks. Maybe too many coffee breaks, he realised. He was a little wired by the time he got into DC and the peppy GPS had guided him to Allan's apartment. It was a little after five, so he found somewhere to park and took a leisurely stroll back to Allan's, switching to a chill playlist and forcing himself to walk slow, take in the sights. Even so he still had time to kill when he got to Allan's, so he sat on the steps to the building and closed his eyes - trying to focus on the calming mood of his playlist.

*

Lee wasn't sure how long he was sat there, practically meditating, when the shadow fell across him and he opened his eyes.

"Hi Lee." Allan said as Lee removed his headphones. Lee wondered if the wide grin on the man's face was painful because his was sure as hell making his cheeks ache.

“Hi.” Lee responded, feeling like a goofy kid just sitting there grinning. He let his eyes travel over Allan - he was a little stockier than before, older and a little more grey. His hair was a little longer and it looked… he was gorgeous. He had aged *very* well. Lee knew he couldn’t say the same, but he was happy to be feel the joy in that moment at how healthy and happy Allan looked.

Allan reached his hand down and Lee took it, taking in Allan’s quirked brow as he pulled Lee up though he weighed nothing - he was still on the skinny side and had only recently got back into a regular gym schedule. To be fair that had been because he’d wanted to spend the time finding the right gay-friendly gym in the city. And specifically the one with the most attractive personal trainers, so he’d have a nice view whilst working out.

Not that any of them were anywhere near his thoughts as he drank in the matured and confident version of Allan before him.

Lee noticed the bottle of wine in Allan’s other hand and chuckled. “For me?”

Allan looked sheepish for a brief moment before breaking into a grin. “I only have beer in the fridge. This is probably swill but… I tried?”

His smile was another level of charming. Oh, Lee really liked this version of Allan. His English was crooned with a growly but gentle tone that sent a shiver through Lee. It was so odd, hearing him speak English - last time they had mostly spoken in Danish, as well as Lee could manage.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine.” Lee gave a slight shake of his head and felt his cheeks heat a little as Allan continued to grin at him. He wasn’t sure he had blushed since he was a teenager. “Damn, you put me off kilter.” Lee confessed. He had never been so intimate with anyone in the way he had with Allan and just the memory of it filled him with longing and made him tremble.

Allan chuckled. “I like it.” He raised a hand and stroked his knuckles over Lee’s cheek before getting out his keys and letting them into the apartment building. Lee followed, his face aching from the smile and burning from the touch, until they got to Allan’s second floor apartment.

It was small but neat. The door lead into an open living space with small kitchen at the end, a few doors lead Lee to assume that it had two bedrooms. There were a few shelves with books and trinkets and framed photos. As Allan went to the kitchen and put down the wine, Lee was drawn to a couple of photos on a shelf - Allan with a young boy, and another with, presumably the same boy but older, of them wearing NYC baseball caps.

He heard Allan uncork the wine and then looked up as he said - “My son, Viktor.”

Lee nodded as Allan reached into the fridge and pulled out a beer for himself. He poured the wine and then came to stand next to Lee, beer in hand as he passed Lee his glass of red.

Lee took it with a smile and swirled it a moment out of habit, before taking in the aroma then bringing the glass to his lips.

Allan watched the whole thing with a cocked brow and an amused expression.

After a sip Lee grimaced and nodded, “utter swill, but thanks for trying.”

Allan laughed. “You’re just as I remember, more or less. I wondered if, over the years, I had… changed you in my head in some way.” He added quietly, “or imagined you altogether.”

Lee joined the laughter, his cheeks aching again - had they ever stopped? He wasn't sure. He shook his head.

"You've changed a lot. For one thing, I'm slightly appalled at how fantastic your English is. Or perhaps I'm appalled at how terrible my Danish was. And I assure it is even worse now."

"Ha!" Allan beamed, "when we had need for words, your Danish was perfect. *And* when we didn't."

The words bounced around Lee's head - because there had been so much unspoken that night, in so many ways. The night came back in an intense flash of memory that put Lee out of sorts - overwhelmed for truly one of the first times in his life.

He cleared his throat and changed the subject - "Do you see your son much? Is he in Denmark?"

Allan smiled fondly, accepting the change of subject and looking at the photos.

"He lives with his mother and step-father in New York, I see him fairly often. More during school holidays - he's nearly fifteen. I've been lucky that for the last few years he's considered me 'cool'". Allan smirked.

Lee chuckled. He didn't have much experience with kids, but he wasn't surprised that Allan had one. Despite his curiosity about the whole situation, Lee schooled himself to ask only -

"That's why you moved to the States?"

Allan gave a half shrug and walked to the sofa, taking a seat before looking at Lee expectantly until he walked over and sat too.

"I had been thinking about moving for a while. I needed a change. I fucked up with Mille, I cheated on her - with a woman. Just... trying to feel something that was never going to happen." He seemed distant as he spoke, but not sad, this was clearly something he had come to terms with a long time ago and Lee was glad of that. "We broke up, which was of course for the best really. If not for Viktor and my job I might have taken off then. But... Well anyway, my job became... contentious."

"I got the impression you liked your job?" Lee chipped in before taking a sip of the barely passable wine. He felt that it was one of the things that had held Allan back from really being free with himself, but that wasn't for him to say.

Allan shrugged. "I loved it. But... my career wasn't going in the direction I wanted it to. It was going in the direction that best served my superiors. I kept getting turned down for the FBI training they send people on each year and... I guess like a lot of things, I just quietly built up resentment. By the time I realised I was in a rut Mille had remarried, nice enough guy, and a couple of years ago he got a job offer in New York. When she told me she was worried I'd kick up a fuss - Viktor being moved so far away. But I realised it was an opportunity. I applied for the FBI, the actual FBI." He let out a laugh.

It filled Lee with warmth and he couldn't help but smile.

Allan took another swallow of beer before continuing, still looking over at the photos of his son. "It took some time. Tests, exams, paperwork, but I got accepted. Been with the bureau a year now. So I've been out here since then, and it's not so far from New York, so it works."

The look in his eyes was distant but happy. Perhaps considering how far he had come since they last met.

Lee smiled, taking another sip of wine before commenting - "You know Allan, I think that is the most you've ever said to me." He laughed. "I think it's possible you've said more in the last ten minutes than the whole night we had together."

Allan smirked. "Well, we hadn't as much need for words that night." His gaze turned wistfull and Lee understood. That night had been a turning point for him in some way, even if that turn had been years in the completion. He knew his own expression must have been more dour when Allan frowned at him.

"You... are happy to visit with me?" Allan was clearly concerned about Lee's comfort in the situation - after all a random epistle from a decade old one night stand was a little odd.

Lee chuckled and put his hand on Allan's knee, giving it an affectionate rub. "Of course. Allan, I suggested coming to see you. And... I didn't mean anything by that, I have no expectations, I just wanted to talk face to face after all this time."

Allan nodded and moved his hand over Lee's before he could pull back. He laced their fingers together wordlessly and held them there on his leg. Lee shifted a little closer so that he was more or less leaning comfortably against Allan. They sat quietly for a moment before Allan asked -

"And what about you Lee? You set up your bar!"

"I did." Lee smiled. "Settled in New Orleans for a few years, made a success of it but then..." He trailed off. It was weird to know someone from before the cancer, who didn't actually know *about* the cancer.

And this was Allan.

Thoughts of this man had helped him through some of his darkest times. Memories of him had inspired Lee to stay hopeful. How did he explain it all?

"Lee?" Allan's tone made clear his concern and Lee realised he'd gone rigid at Allan's side. Allan unlinked their fingers and snaked a hand behind Lee, pulling him close. "What happened?"

Lee wanted to tell him everything. He wanted to tell him nothing. He wanted Allan to know how he had helped even without being there. He didn't want Allan to know he had been so sick, so close to death so many times and have him see weakness in that instead of strength. He wanted life to have never become this complicated, even as he had spent a decade trying to ensure it wouldn't.

Instead of any of those things, Lee did something he hadn't done for a very long time. Unable to hold it in, he started to cry.

The silent tears began as a slow roll and became a steady trickle. Wordlessly, Allan pulled Lee to him, stroking his back and burying his face so far into Lee's neck so that all Lee could focus on was the hot puff of air against his skin.

After a few minutes Lee pulled back, studying Allan's face. He had matured in so many ways, and it was strange to think how their roles had reversed in that one moment of weakeness, and yet Lee

didn't regret it. There were very few he would bear his soul to and it seemed right that Allan was counted amongst them.

He studied Allan's concerned expression, the furrow in his barely-there eyebrows. The curve of his lips.

Lee leaned in, his tears had stopped but his face was still streaked with them and damp, he tasted them on his own lips as he opened his mouth against Allan's.

The kiss was hesitant at first and Lee wondered for a horrified moment if he'd misread the whole thing - perhaps Allan wasn't interested? But then the man began to kiss him back, sliding a hand up to the back of his neck and gently holding him.

It was soft and sweet and nothing like the kiss he remembered - and fantasised about. That had been hungry and rough, but this was something born of a deeper emotion than lust. So much so that Lee found himself whimpering into Allan's mouth and pushing his body closer, in desperate need of the connection.

After a minute, Allan shuffled a little and then began to lay back on the sofa, drawing Lee on top of him - giving Lee all the control should he want to take it. The kiss continued, languid and deep - a true exploration that they had missed last time.

As they wrapped themselves around each other Lee made himself comfortable straddling Allan's crotch. The evidence of their mutual attraction was hard to miss and Lee took advantage of the position to rock slowly against his would-be lover.

Allan groaned and broke the kiss, hissing as he took hold of Lee's hips. He didn't stop him, or change the speed of his actions, just merely felt him press against him as though he'd longed forever for the release this would give him. Well, for a decade at least.

"I think I could come like this." Allan laughed, breathless, and flexed his fingers against Lee for a moment.

Lee smiled, rolling his hips a little harder, a little faster in response, until Allan shook his head and tensed. This time his hands did still Lee and he looked down in confusion.

"I... When we last met you gave me what I needed. I want to do the same for you Lee, but... is this what you need?"

He felt the blood drain from his face. He felt called out. It had been so simple to seek solace in sex over the years and maybe Allan was right to question it, because maybe he was doing the same now.

Lee shook his head and moved, getting up from Allan and the sofa.

"Bathroom?" He asked quietly.

Allan pointed to the door off at the kitchen end of the space and Lee went.

*

Lee wasn't sure what the hell he'd been thinking, coming here.

It was ridiculous. What did he think was going to happen? That night with Allan had never happened with anyone else, in fact nothing but wam bam thank you Lee had happened since then. He hadn't let people close and now he was doing the same thing again to the one person that he might be able to let close to him.

But it was so hard. Too hard. Easier just to leave and not think about it. Write it off and pretend Allan still lived in Denmark, or was just a fantasy - a dream that never really happened. Easier than to have him make a fool of himself in front of him and ruin the memory of that amazing night.

It felt like the decade long optimism that had pulled him through treatment after treatment was evaporating and all that was left was an unlovable husk.

He splashed water on his face and dried it as he glared at himself in the mirror. This wasn't ten years ago. Too much had happened. He was tired. Exhausted from being strong, but so completely unable to give that strength Up in front of someone else as desperately as he wanted to.

When he opened the door to leave the bathroom he was resolved that he would go, apologise and tell Allan he would call him later. Which he wasn't sure he would do. But when he got to the living room Allan had disappeared from the sofa.

He frowned before realising one of the other doors had opened and a low sound was coming from it - the light of a television flickering in the dimly light room.

Lee went toward it, resolved to leave, until the moment that he got to the door and saw Allan lying naked on the bed. He was stretched out casually, arms behind his head against the pillow as he watched something on the television. He didn't glance at Lee, but moved an arm to pat the bed next to him before returning to position.

Lee swallowed.

The man was beautiful. His chest hair had greyed, his skin was tanned. The decade had treated him well. His cock, flaccid against his thigh, made Lee's mouth water - reminding him of the blow job that had been the only sexual act between them.

The words - the announcement that he was going to leave - died in his throat and instead he stood in the doorway like an idiot. But Allan continued to watch the television, waiting for whatever decision Lee made.

He must have been stood there for several minutes before he walked into the bedroom and kicked off his shoes. He nearly climbed onto the bed like that but understood it wasn't enough. And not because Allan wanted it that way, but because he was giving Lee the freedom and choice to want it. And he wanted it. He wanted to feel that same comfort he had once given.

He wanted to cry and scream and tell Allan how fucking unfair the world had been to him. And he wanted to be held and gently kissed and told that it was all okay now.

So he slowly, thoughtfully, took off his clothes - leaving them in a pile at the door and went to the bed.

The moment he moved forward, Allan - still glued to the television - repositioned himself so that only one arm remained behind his head and the other was stretched out for Lee. And Lee went to it, allowing himself to be curled against Allan's firm and warm body.

Lee couldn't remember the last time he'd been naked with someone. He'd become self conscious over his body, as his weight had fluctuated and he spent too many years looking like a skeleton. In bars there was no need to get undressed - just unzip for a suck or a fuck - he could still hide in his layers. But there was no hiding now, not from Allan.

"What are we watching?" Lee asked, his voice was shaky and betrayed how emotionally compromised he was.

"Cagney and Lacey."

Lee chuckled. It seemed so absurd. Allan came all the way to America to be in the FBI and watch Cagney and Lacey reruns.

"Hey. Don't judge. I need some television to unwind after a long day."

Lee sighed and relaxed into the crook of Allan's arm, turning to play a hand through his chest hair. Allan let out a contented hum and placed a hand over Lee's, drawing it up from his chest to place kisses on his fingers.

"You're so different." Lee smiled.

"Not really, just… more myself." He could hear the smile in Allan's tone.

"You've been out for a while now?" Lee asked. "I mean… I assume you're out?"

Allan nodded. "Yes, less time than I would have liked."

Lee wondered if that was a comment on their last meeting. Yes, how different that might have been had Allan been out. Maybe they could have built on the connection they both clearly felt that night. The thought stung when the reality of it hit - Lee was diagnosed not long after that night and the reality was that there was no way he'd have been able to maintain a relationship through those years. A flood of emotions came with the thought - what it would have been to have someone close to go through that with. The thought that he would have still ended up pushing him away each time he felt close to death. How much he would have wanted to save someone he loved from all the hurt - enough to leave them before they left him.

He must have stiffened against Allan, because the arm around him started to stroke his back in a gentle caress..

"I told a few people back home - including my ex - but I didn't live openly until I moved here." His words were a low rumble. "I… I thought about contacting you many times but I didn't want to change the memory of that night. I had many experiences, in Denmark and here. None were ever… It was never the same as with you. I realised I needed to see you again."

Lee meant to chuckle but it came out as a soft sob.

Allan stilled for a moment before continuing his gently ministrations. Lee appreciated the space he was giving him. He'd done the same - not pressing, not prying, just giving Allan what he needed. It hurt his heart how Allan knew to do this for him.

"I've missed this kind of hygge." There was a note of amusement in Allan's voice and Lee was glad of the cheer.

He took a settling breath and propped himself up to look at Allan.

“I like this you. You’ve… matured nicely.”

Allan let out a gruff laugh. “Is that you trying to tell me I have a larger belly and my chest has gone grey?”

Lee grinned and slid a hand down to swirl the light hair over Allan’s lower belly. “I already told you, I like my men large and hairy.”

“With the correct diet, in a few more years I’ll be your perfect man.” Allan chuckled.

Lee was grinning at the ease of it all. He had never had this with anyone before Allan or since, not like this. Not this kind of closeness that felt like a once in a lifetime connection. He wasn’t sure he could give it up this time. He wasn’t sure he had to.

“I like this hair.” Lee was still grinning as he moved a hand up and tugged a little on Allan’s longer hair. “It suits you.”

“Ha! I just never get around to having it cut. Mille makes me when I visit Viktor. She was always good with that sort of thing.” He smiled fondly and Lee found it warming.

He was glad Allan had maintained a good relationship with his ex, after everything.

Allan ran a hand through his locks. “I shaved it for a long time. It was easier… but I looked like a thug,” he grinned. “But better than looking like I was in a boy band.”

Lee fell back laughing, hard. It stirred so many memories of that night, of the younger Allan Fischer and it just filled him with joy.

Allan moved with him, leaning over him until he was half pressed to the bed. Allan leaned in and captured Lee’s laughter into his mouth, kissing him gently as he ran his hands into Lee’s hair and then stoked one back down his face.

The kiss grew soft and slow until Allan moved back and looked down at him. Lee knew his expression must have been one of complete adoration.

“I’ve… learned a lot.” Allan said, strangely serious.

Lee quirked a brow, trying to discern his meaning before Allan started moving down his body. His lips moved slowly and gently over Lee’s chest, ghosting briefly over his left nipple. He moaned and started to get hard, resisting the urge to cant his hips. Allan moved off of him for a moment, repositioning between Lee’s legs before continuing his journey downward.

“Allan…” Lee exhaled his name on the long breath. He wanted to tell him he didn’t need to do this, they had time. But he wanted it. He needed it.

Allan nipped kissed over his belly and Lee let out a light laugh at the way it tickled. Then he shuddered as Allan’s responding huffed breath across his skin gave him gooseflesh.

Lee was barely recovered from the shiver when Allan nosed at his pubic hair, and down to the root of his cock.

Lee started to tremble and clutched at the bed sheets beneath him. Anticipation welled almost uncomfortably in his chest as Allan continued to move slow down - lips moving lightly over Lee's shaft until he reached the tip.

When Allan tongued at the slit of his cock, taking the root of him in hand at the same moment, Lee gasped for breath, arching slightly from the bed. The gasp turned to a series of further short, sharp gasps as Allan sucked the head of Lee's cock into his mouth. His tongued swirled as he sucked on Lee's cockhead like a candy - alternating the pressure both of his tongue and the suction.

"Fuck… I guess you did learn a thing or two." Lee moaned as Allan's mouth slid down his shaft, taking him deep now, to the back of his throat.

Allan swallowed him down before moving back up, licking the tip of Lee's cock as he pulled back enough to say - "best blow job you'll ever have."

Lee tried to laugh at that - remembering having said something very similar himself once - but his breath was stolen again as Allan went down on him once more. He sucked and licked, went deep and swallowed. Over and over in no discernable pattern until Lee was a writhing mess - white knuckling the sheets and working his jaw.

"Allan… I'm gonna…"

"Hmmhmm" Allan's hummed agreement sent Lee over the edge as his shot vibrations through every part of him. He let out a cry and arched as he came with Allan continuing to suck and swallow every bit.

Allan was gentle as he drew back, still mouthing delicately, almost reverently, at Lee's cock until he rested his cheek against Lee's thigh.

"I think I owed you that." Allan grinned.

Lee laughed but was too utterly drained to respond further. Instead he basked in the afterglow and enjoyed the feel of Allan moving back up his body - until he paused.

Lee looked down just as Allan's fingers brushed lightly over his right hip and Lee's breath stopped. Allan's finger traced the scar where his mole had been. That fucking little mole that started it all.

Before Lee could say anything Allan leaned in and pressed a kiss to the scar before moving back up and settling next to Lee, manhandling him so that he was spooned up behind him. He could feel Allan hard against his ass, but when he tried to reach around to take hold of him, Allan stopped him with a gentle hand.

"It's late. Tomorrow. We have time." Allan muttered sleepily against his ear. They fell asleep with the television playing softly to the room.

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Lee wasn't sure the last time he had slept so damn well.

He woke slowly and stretched out on the bed before realising something was missing. He opened his eyes to see Allan stood across the room, dressed and strapping on his holster.

“Fuck, you look hot.” Lee’s voice was a little strained with sleep, his eyes a little bleary but good enough to see the visage before him.

Allan looked over with a smirk.

“Uniform kink?” Allan asked.

“Oh, one of very many, many kinks.” Lee laughed, enjoying Allan shaking his head with a smile.

“You’re a handful.”

“And a mouthful, as you know.”

Allan laughed and walked over, sitting down on the bed next to Lee.

“I like it when you laugh. I like it when you’re happy.” Allan was sincere, cupping Lee’s face in one hand.

Lee couldn’t help but smile in response. He’d tried to remain happy for years, tried to stay optimistic and positive, but last night had been the first deeply genuine and unforced happiness he’d had in a long time.

The thought made his breath catch and he took hold of Allan’s hand, bringing it to his palm to kiss it before letting it drop away.

“I’ve been sick, Allan. Really sick. Cancer. I… I’m alright now, but I wasn’t, not for a long time. Not for years. I’ve had years of fighting this and…” Lee let out an uncomfortable chuckle, “last night it felt like I’d found the reason I fought so hard.”

Allan didn’t say anything, just leaned in and kissed him gently, a finger under his chin to angle Lee’s face upwards.

When they parted, Allan smiled at him.

“Thoughts of you gave me hope in my darkest moments. I didn’t know if you were real, if you could live up to that memory I had, until I saw you sitting on my stoop.” Allan spoke softly, unknowingly echoing Lee’s own thoughts. “You are the most real thing that’s ever been in my life… and… I have to go to work.” He chuckled.

Lee huffed a laugh. “Go,” he gave Allan a light push. “Go to work, catch the bad guys. Then… come back here and you can show me all the other tricks you learned.”

Allan’s expression of relieved elation once he knew Lee planned to stay sent a jolt of pleasure through Lee.

He didn’t need to hope anymore. It could just be this easy. Lee wasn’t going anywhere, and Allan was coming back.

Allan grabbed his jacket and gave Lee one last kiss, before Lee settled back against the pillows, already anticipating the man’s return home.

Chapter End Notes

This fic emotionally compromised me. I hope you all like it :3

End Notes

A note on the timeline - This is set in 2000, 11 years before The Big C. In canon Lee is diagnosed 12 years before The Big C - that cute little mole on his hip - and bought his bar in New Orleans 10 years before the show.. So I've fudged the timeline a little, but this is meant to be roughly around the time of his diagnosis.

Chapter Two...
Well... I've gone back and forth on whether there will be a second chapter, or whether I will just put a little note here with my head canon on what might happen next. I found this really hard to write, for several reasons, and when I finally finished this and posted it privately last month I was adamant that I would leave it at this and not write a second chapter. Part of me feels like that works, like sometimes I don't need to write the fluffy happy ending and can just leave it with a hopeful ending....

But who the fuck am I trying to kid?? I need the happy ending. So currently I am planning on writing a second chapter, but it isn't likely to happen for at least a couple of months. So stay tuned I guess - hit the subscribe button.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!